A NEW SONG called

Old Towler,

To which is added

Enlisting for the present War:

Edinburgh Town.

The Wars are all over:

The Hibernian Phœnix.

LIMERICK: W. GOGGIN, Printer.

A new Song called

OLD TOWLER.

Bright Chanticleer proclaims the dawn,
And ſpangle deck the thorn.
The lowing herds now quit the lawn,
The lark ſpurgs from the corn,
Dogs huntſmen rouſe the window throng,
Fleet Towler leads the cry,
Ariſe the burthen of their ſong,
This day a ſtag muſt die,

CHORUS.

With a hey ho chivey, hark forward
Hark forward tantivy, with a hey ho chievy
Hark forward hark forward tantivy.
Hark forward hark forward hark forward
Hark forward tantivy tantivy
Hark hark forward hark forward tantivy
Ariſe the burden of their ſong this day a ſtag muſt die.

The cordial takes it's merry round,
The laugh and joke prevail,
The Huntsman blows a jovial ſound
The does ſnuff up the gale:
The upland winds they ſweep along
O'er fields thro' breakes they fly,
The game is rouſed, to true the long
This day a ſtag muſt die,
With a hey ho, &c.

Poor Rig the dogs thy haunches gore,
The tears run down thy face,
The huntsmen's pleasure is no more
His joys were in the chace:
Alike the the sportsmen of the town
The Virgin game in view,
Are full as fond to run them down
Then they in turn pursue.
With their hey ho, &c.

The HIBERNIAN PHOENIX.

ONCE more kind Muses it is your duty for to infuse me with verse sublime:
My subject surely is now amusing, as you have chose me for to refine,
Ye mangling Poets dont dare oppose me, for now my notions are raised on high,
Kind Gods support me thro these my posies in you I glory and still rely.
One pleasant evening for recreation, as I was ranging down by the shore.
I spied a maiden a lovely fair one, I thought her Venus sprung from the foam.
In admiration on her I gazed in deep amazement I stood to view.
This second Phœnix exceeding nature and for to praise her is my due.
To you fair Sabra in all her charms or chaste Diana can equallize,
Nor the whom Paris as is recorded was pleased to order the Golden Prize,
The bright Aurora in all her glory or goddess you far outrie.

My brain is roving in ſad emotions I muſt adore
you until I die.
You are an angel your good and pleaſing, your
fine behaviour enchanted me,
Your chains are real I am doomed to wear
them, I wiſh ſincerely for liberty.
Theſe wounds you gave me ſay will you heal
them,
You have enſlaved me now ſet me free,
and let me gain my tranquillity.
My jewel and darling more fair than morn-
ing, or orient radient you far outſhine.
Your eyes tranſparent has me alarmed I wiſh
my charmer that you were mine,
your ſwan like boſom your neck including,
Your cheeks are blooming vermillion red,
Your very frame new beauty graces,
And auburn treſſes flow from your head.
My breaſt is loaded with diſcompoſure
In love ſick motion I now complain.
Sly cupid ſporting at my corrodings, he glo-
ries in giving pain,
Will you relieve me from death reprieve me
your captive bleeder now remain,
I'm always weeping and ſtill am grieving,
but it's when ſleeping of you I dream.
All recreation I'll now reneague them, in
ſilent places I mean to rove.
My prayers compleatly I'll offer daily,
In adoration near Willow grove,

Ye ſupreme Deities I ſay will ye gain her,
will I obtain her can I be ſure.
On you my faireſt what ſhall I ſay love, but
I'm al moſt crazy for Mary Moore.

A Humorous New Song.

On the manner of Raiſing for the Preſent War

Tune—Country Clown.

By a Broad Weaver.

YOU bucks and you gallants of this famous City,
That love to hear humour come liſten to me,
I'll ſing you ſong that's not an old ditty,
I'll warrant 'twill pleaſe you wherever you be.
Concerning our heroes that's ploughing the ocean,
And marching on land to their fierce enemy,
But alas! they're no able for the French rabble,
That forced them to go from dear Dublin city.
By crimping and pimping our town they have weeded,
Of many bold fellows both luſty and ſtout,
Alas they took blind men of three ſcore & nineteen,
And ſome that lay forty years under the gout,
Sore legs and ſcauld nappers they never refuſed,
But took them all gentlemen ſoldiers to be,
A group ſo infirm I ſwear by, Jack Derham,
Did never before leave Dublin city
Some old begging Piſs-weauers joined the battalions,
Being willing to fight in their country's cauſe,
Scarce able to cut off the heads of ſome ſcallions,

O ſure theſe old mumpers deſerve much applauſe
The boys of the bellows ſent many briſk fellows,
Burnt up to a ſtick with the hammer and fire.
As ſet as their muſket and ſcarcely could graſp it,
O what finer ſoldiers could the nation deſire.
High-ups and bloo -ſuers, and tobacco twiſters,
Paraded the ſtreets in martial array,
With ſhoe boys in dozens and new's boys their couſins,
Who thought ſoldiers never ſhone alike as they.
Some big ancled taylors and caſt cloaths dealers,
The monkeys from Plunker-ſt. windows I mean,
With criſpins and worms and boys of the barn,
And bold cotton weavers from Mary-bone-lane.
Hark hark to the joke it will laughter provoke,
A ſcene the moſt comical pleaſant and odd,
The Dames of Swift's Alley with ſtreet walking Molly,
All met in the cellar of Mcll in the Wod.
Then ſays Peg Scanlan, with her club-footed bandling,
Girls my Paddy has left me to moan.
Here's his fine baby with the eyes of it's daddy,
Tho' often he ſwore it was none of his own.
Then ſatchel arſe Poll, ſpoke up like a boaiſn,
Your ſoul to the Devil what makes you to fret,
Sure the natty old devil ne'er ſpoke to you civil,
I wiſh him and mine gone a grave that is wet.
Then rotten Poll Cufack began her cheek muſick,
Saying my lovely Bill, is ploughing the main.
When he ſailed down the river, it made my heart ſhiver,
I fear we'll ne'er ripple together again.
Before I conclude this I cannot but notice
The creatures they've ſent us inſtead of our own,
Shrill impbacks from England, ſtarved Pigmies
From Scotland,